

there. This order was of course a
n of the first order and after stopping
a to read the order the conductor m
train out and began the run of four
miles. He knew
11 would be lo
a at Concord and with no fear of a

The Bodies Laying in Their Coffin
Here in the City.

IT WAS IN THIS condition that Mr. Horace Bradley, who went for the Constitution, found him when visiting Washington to sketch interesting points connected with his life, and which are presented today. The dying hero, wasted and weakened, was gently reclined, with his head upon a pillow, and seemed to sleep as he waited for the final summons.

names of Stephens and
ated together in the public minds for
time that a sketch of one is not complete
frequent allusion to the other. They ar
nearly every political question that was
from the time they entered politics
which lead to the troubles
Milledgeville, Mr. Stephen
MET. on fourth page, sixth co

But the words were frozen on his lips, never finished the sentence. His head-light of No. 12 came rushing in the curve, and at the same instant his acute ear caught the shrill whistle almost human in its appeal. The

"Where is my wife?" he asked.
"Here," said Dr. Roy, "beside you."
"Put your hand on me, Mary," he said.

moved. Mrs. Brown asked for her child. Frank Mills was present. The child was but the mother knew it not.

"You can't get it now," said Mrs. Mills.

"But I must have it," she said.

Mrs. Mills laid Mrs. Bright's child beside her.

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